A POWER COMIC

FRANTIC F-EASTER FUN INSIDE...

SMASH!

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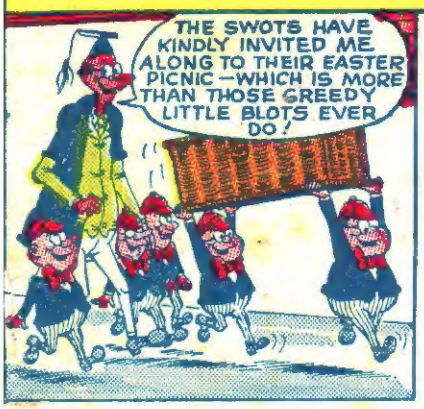
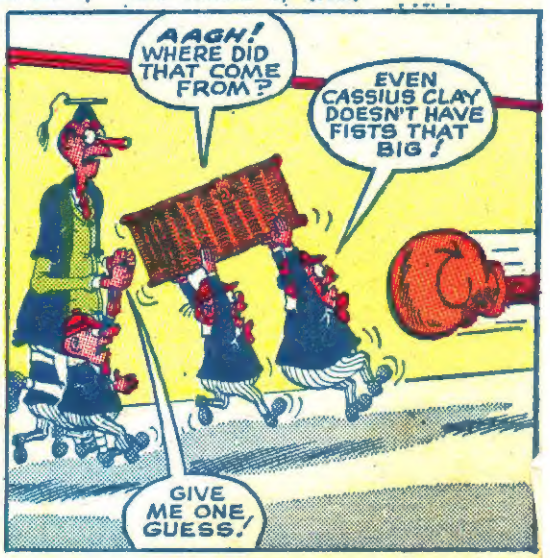
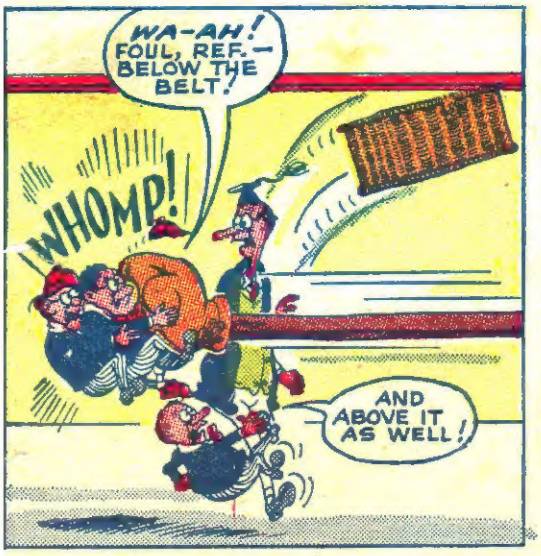
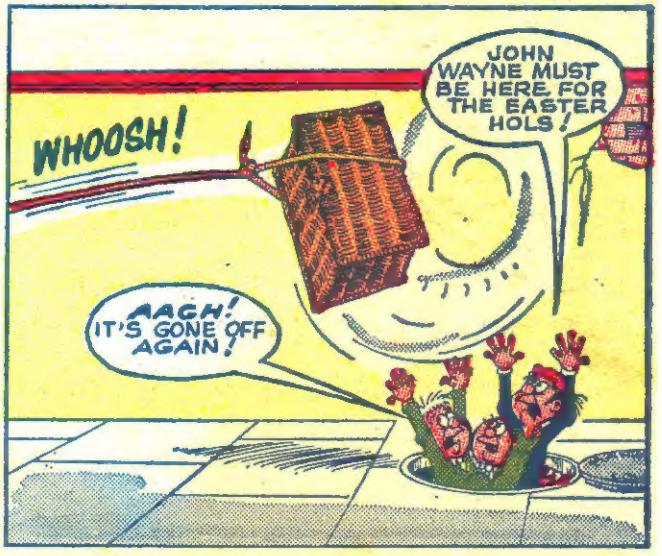
The SWOTS and the BLOTS!









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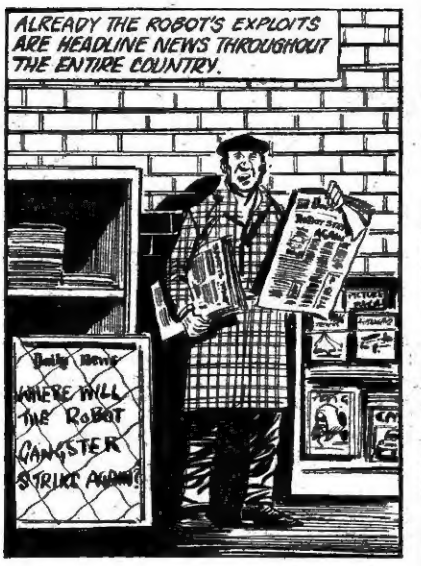
BRIAN'S BRAIN

WHEN ALL THE MONEY HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED MARAX DRIVES AWAY.
A FEW MORE SUCCESSFUL RAIDS LIKE THIS ONE AND I SHALL HAVE ALL THE WEALTH THAT ANY MAN EVER DREAMED OF POSSESSING.


ALREADY THE ROBOT'S EXPLOITS ARE HEADLINE NEWS THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE COUNTRY.
WHERE WILL THE ROBOT GANGSTER STRIKE AGAIN?

IN HIS SECRET HIDEOUT MARAX READS THE LATEST NEWS STORIES WITH DELIGHT.
THE ENTIRE COUNTRY IS TALKING ABOUT YOU, ROBOT. BUT NO ONE SUSPECTS THAT I AM THE TRUE POWER BEHIND ALL THE RAIDS THAT HAVE BAFFLED THE POLICE.

I HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO IN TOWN. YOU WILL STAY HERE WHILST I AM GONE— UNLESS YOU WANT SOMETHING UNPLEASANT TO HAPPEN TO YOUR FRIEND BRIAN KINGSLEY!

BRIAN KINGSLEY AND HIS FRIEND DUFFY ROLLS ARE IMPRISONED IN THE CELLAR BENEATH MARAX'S HOUSE. BEFORE HE LEAVES FOR TOWN MARAX PREPARES A SCANTY MEAL FOR THE BOYS.
I WOULDN'T WANT MY PRISONERS TO STARVE TO DEATH. THEY'RE TOO VALUABLE!

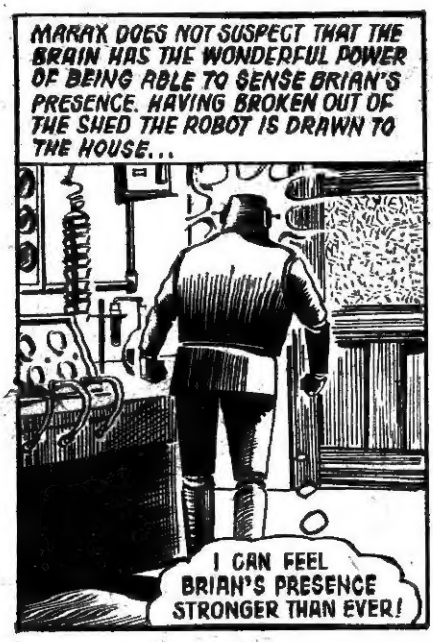
BRIAN AND DUFFY SEE THE CELLAR DOOR OPEN.
IT'S MARAX! RUSH HIM, DUFFY!

A SWEEP FROM MARAX'S HAND KNOCKS BRIAN SPRAWLING.
YOU YOUNG FOOL!

A MOMENT LATER DUFFY ROLLS RECEIVES THE SAME TREATMENT.
IT'S NO USE, BRIAN! HE'S EVERY BIT AS TOUGH AS HE LOOKS.

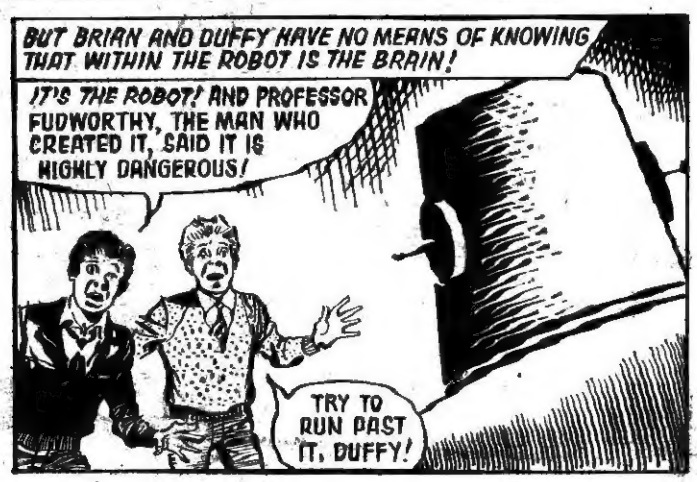
MARAX LEAVES THE FOOD INSIDE THE CELLAR.
YOUR WONDERFUL BRAIN IS ALSO MY PRISONER, KINGSLEY. AND I AM SURE YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW THAT, BECAUSE HE IS FEARFUL OF WHAT I MIGHT DO TO YOU, HE IS WORKING AS MY OBEDIENT SLAVE.

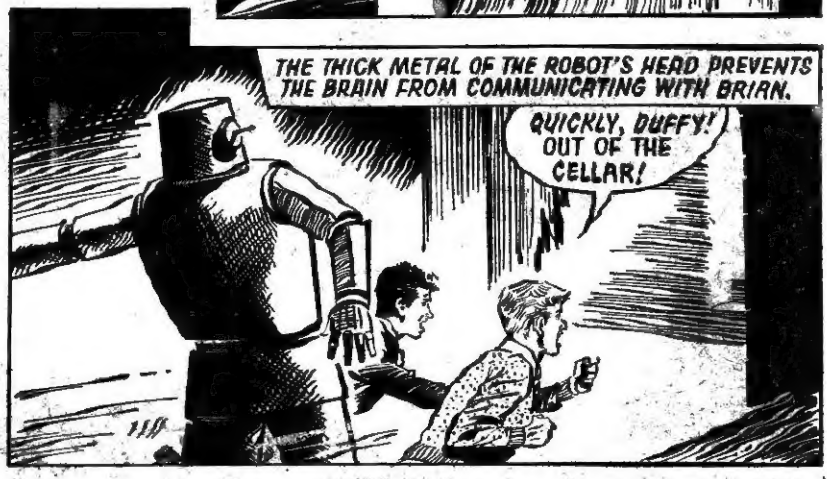
ALONE IN HIS SHED IN THE GROUNDS OF THE HOUSE, THE BRAIN—INSIDE THE ROBOT—HEARS MARAX'S CAR DRIVE OFF.
I CAN SENSE THAT BRIAN IS NEARBY. WHILST MARAX IS AWAY I MUST FIND HIM!
CRASH!


MARAX DOES NOT SUSPECT THAT THE BRAIN HAS THE WONDERFUL POWER OF BEING ABLE TO SENSE BRIAN'S PRESENCE. HAVING BROKEN OUT OF THE SHED THE ROBOT IS DRAWN TO THE HOUSE...
I CAN FEEL BRIAN'S PRESENCE STRONGER THAN EVER!

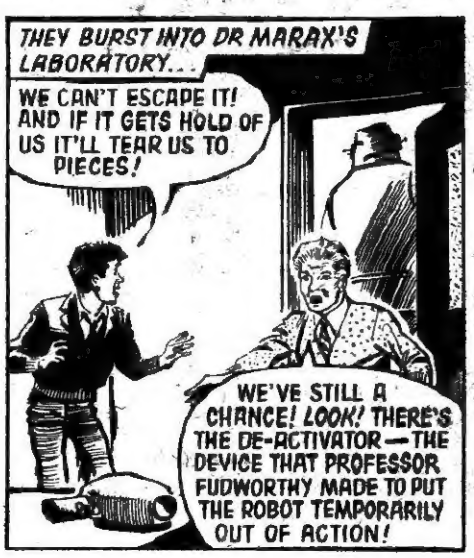
UNERRINGLY THE ROBOT MAKES HIS WAY TO THE DOOR OF THE CELLAR...
HE'S IN THERE! I AM SURE OF IT!

THE ROBOT'S METAL SHOULDER SHATTERS THE DOOR...


BUT BRIAN AND DUFFY HAVE NO MEANS OF KNOWING THAT WITHIN THE ROBOT IS THE BRAIN!
IT'S THE ROBOT! AND PROFESSOR FUDWORTHY, THE MAN WHO CREATED IT, SAID IT IS HIGHLY DANGEROUS!
TRY TO RUN PAST IT, DUFFY!


THE THICK METAL OF THE ROBOT'S HEAD PREVENTS THE BRAIN FROM COMMUNICATING WITH BRIAN.
QUICKLY, DUFFY! OUT OF THE CELLAR!

IT'S STILL AFTER US, BRIAN!


THEY BURST INTO DR MARAX'S LABORATORY...
WE CAN'T ESCAPE IT! AND IF IT GETS HOLD OF US IT'LL TEAR US TO PIECES!
WE'VE STILL A CHANCE! LOOK! THERE'S THE DE-ACTIVATOR—THE DEVICE THAT PROFESSOR FUDWORTHY MADE TO PUT THE ROBOT TEMPORARILY OUT OF ACTION!

BRIAN SCOOPS UP THE DE-ACTIVATOR AND DIRECTS IT AT THE ADVANCING ROBOT...
HE'S STILL COMING ON!

THEN THE ROBOT HALTS AND SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR...
YOU DID IT, BRIAN! YOU SAVED OUR LIVES!

BRIAN EXAMINES THE INERT METAL FIGURE...
IT'S NOW COMPLETELY HELPLESS. BUT I WONDER WHAT IT WAS DOING HERE.
NEVER MIND THE ROBOT! LET'S GET AWAY FROM THIS PLACE BEFORE MARAX RETURNS.

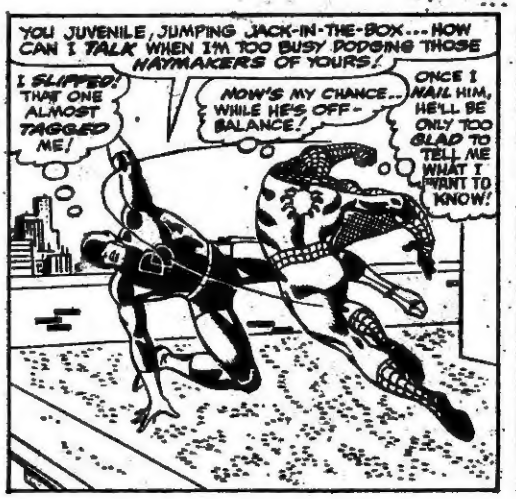
BUT MARAX HAS ALREADY RETURNED...
SO, IT SEEMS I AM BACK JUST IN TIME!
Next Ish: A TRAP OF TORMENT!

it's SPIDER-MAN -v- DAREDEVIL -v- the MASKED MARAUDER!

DAREDEVIL HAS SET A TRAP FOR THE MASKED MARAUDER AT THE WORLD MOTORS BUILDING. SPIDER-MAN KEEPS THE RENDEZVOUS, TOO—AND OL' WEB-HEAD JUMPS TO THE CONCLUSION THAT D.D. IS IN CAHOOTS WITH THE COSTUMED CRIMINAL!

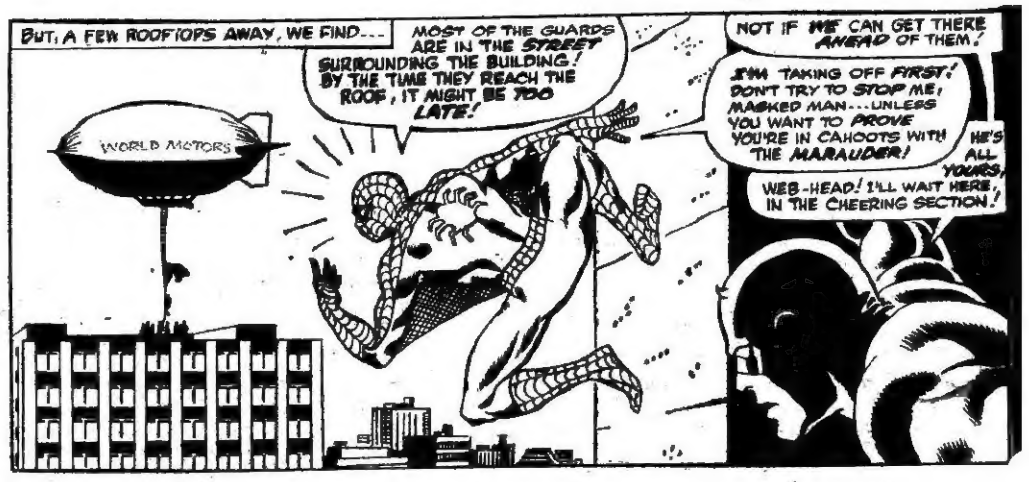
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

*NOW PAY ATTENTION, BECAUSE THIS IS THE LAST TIME WE'LL TELL YOU THAT D.D. AND SPIDEY MET ONCE BEFORE IN POW ISH 38—INDEFATIGABLE ALF!



OKAY, WEB-HEAD... THAT DID IT! I DON'T ACT AS A PUNCHING-BAG FOR ANYBODY!
FTAKK!
MATTHEW, MY BOY, YOU FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT... BUT THAT WEB-SLINGING WONDER IS JUST TOO STRONG! I'VE GOT TO REST FOR A FEW SECONDS... EVEN IF IT MEANS LETTING HIM LAND ANOTHER PUNCH!
LUCKY FOR ME HE DOESN'T HAVE MY SPIDER-SENSE, OR I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO HANDLE HIM!
BUT, HE'S WINDED NOW... I CAN TELL! SO, HERE GOES...!
GERONIMO!
BOK!
EVEN THOUGH I MANAGED TO FALL BACK WITH THE PUNCH, IT STILL FELT LIKE A SLEDGE-HAMMER!
NOW, MASKED MAN... TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW! DON'T MAKE ME HIT YOU AGAIN!
BUT, THIS IS WHAT I NEED... JUST A FEW MORE SECONDS... TO CATCH MY BREATH...!
I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR HIM... HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO QUIT!
CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER BLOW LIKE THAT! I'VE GOT TO MAKE MY MOVE NOW... WHEN HE LEAST EXPECTS IT!
WAIT! THAT NOISE... OVERHEAD! GETTING LOUDER... HEADING TOWARDS THE WORLD MOTORS BUILDING...!
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE IN LUCK, DAREDEVIL... YOU'VE GOT A REPRIEVE COMING!
UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THERE'S SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT TO TACKLE UP THERE...!
THE SOUND OF POWERFUL ENGINES... BUT MOVING SLOWER THAN ANY AIRPLANE! AND, WITH A DIFFERENT RHYTHM FROM A HELI-COPTER!
IT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING...!
IT'S A BLIMP... SLOWLY, STEADILY DESCENDING TOWARDS THE ROOF TOPS!
IF IT'S THE MARAUDER YOU'RE AFTER, WE'D BETTER POSTPONE OUR LITTLE FUN-FEST AND SEE WHAT THAT OVERGROWN GASBAG IS UP TO!
BUT, DAREDEVIL AND SPIDER-MAN ARE NOT THE ONLY TWO WHO HAVE SIGHTED THE APPROACHING AIRCRAFT...
CLOSER, DAVE! BETTER CHECK WITH CENTRAL SECURITY!
HOLD IT! THEY'RE STARTING TO SWING AROUND! IT MAY BE A FALSE ALARM!
LET'S JUST WAIT ANOTHER FEW SECONDS!
HOW ABOUT THAT? IT'S A GOOD THING WE WAITED!
YEAH! WE'D HAVE MADE A COUPLE OF PRIZE CHUMPS OF OURSELVES... PRESSING THE PANIC BUTTON AT THE SIGHT OF ONE OF OUR OWN ADVERTISING BLIMPS!
WORLD MOTORS
I NEVER SAW ONE FLYING SO LOW BEFORE THOUGH...!
AND, IN THE PILOT'S CABIN OF THE "ADVERTISING BLIMP" WHICH CONTINUES TO DRAW NEARER...
THEY'RE COMPLETELY UNAWARE! NO ALARM HAS YET BEEN SOUNDED!
IT WORKED... AS I KNEW IT WOULD! THEY STILL SUSPECT NOTHING!
I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, BOSS! YOU STILL HAVEN'T SLIPPED UP YET!
AND I NEVER SHALL! THE MASKED MARAUDER CAN OUTWIT ANY ENEMY... OR ANY COMBINATION OF ENEMIES!
NOW, ASSEMBLE OUR FIRST ATTACK GROUP! WE LAND IN THIRTY SECONDS!

TAKE YOUR PLACES... QUICKLY! REMEMBER, AS IN ALL OUR OPERATIONS, SPLIT-SECOND TIMING IS OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE!
NOW.. GO!
DON'T WORRY, BOSS! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM!


BUT, A FEW ROOFTOPS AWAY, WE FIND...
MOST OF THE GUARDS ARE IN THE STREET SURROUNDING THE BUILDING! BY THE TIME THEY REACH THE ROOF, IT MIGHT BE TOO LATE!
WORLD MOTORS
NOT IF WE CAN GET THERE AHEAD OF THEM!
I'M TAKING OFF FIRST! DON'T TRY TO STOP ME, MASKED MAN...UNLESS YOU WANT TO PROVE YOU'RE IN CAHOOTS WITH THE MARAUDER!
HE'S ALL YOURS, WEB-HEAD! I'LL WAIT HERE, IN THE CHEERING SECTION!

THUS, ATOP THE WORLD MOTORS BUILDING, THE STAGE IS SET... AND THE ACTION BEGINS...
THE BLIMP WAS A PHONY! IT'S THE MARAUDER AND HIS MEN! WE'VE GOT TO STOP 'EM!
DON'T SHOOT! YOU'VE GOT US DEAD TO RIGHTS!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE...OR WE'LL FIRE!
THAT'S IT, YOU FOOLS! JUST COME A LITTLE CLOSER!

PERFECT! THEY'RE WITHIN MINIMUM RANGE OF MY OPTI-BLAST NOW!
ZAP!
BULLSEYE!
THAT'LL STOP 'EM!

BY THE TIME THEY'VE RECOVERED THEIR SIGHT SUFFICIENTLY TO ALERT THE GUARDS BELOW, WE'LL HAVE DEPARTED...WITH THE PRECIOUS FUELLING FORMULA!
NOW YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS! PROCEED AS PLANNED!
NOT SO FAST, MARAUDER! THERE'S ONE LITTLE DETAIL YOU SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN!
WHO'S THAT?

YOUR FRIENDLY, NEIGHBOURHOOD SPIDER-MAN! DEFENDER OF THE WEAK...OPPRESSOR OF THE WICKED...AND FORMER HANDBALL CHAMP OF MY ENTIRE NEIGHBOURHOOD.
THAK!
BOK!
WHUMP!
GET HIM! HE MUSTN'T STOP US NOW!

STOP YOU? PERISH THE THOUGHT! I WOULDN'T STOP YOU FOR THE WORLD!
I'M JUST TRYING TO HELP YOU...OUT OF THE GOODNESS OF MY HEART!
I THOUGHT YOU'D APPRECIATE A LITTLE BOXING LESSON! IT MIGHT COME IN HANDY SOME DAY...IN CASE SOME ROUGH-NECKS TRY TO TAKE AWAY YOUR TRADING CARDS!
WOK!

THUNK!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU BAD GUYS ALWAYS TRY TO FIGHT IT OUT WITH A GOOD GUY LIKE ME!
HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED YET THAT US GOOD GUYS ALWAYS WIN? IT'S THE VERY FIRST CLAUSE IN OUR UNION CONTRACT!

ANYWAY, IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU THAT I'M A GENTLE, FORGIVING TYPE OF FELLA!
OTHERWISE, I MIGHT BE ANGRY AT YOU LITTLE PRANKSTERS FOR MAKING PEOPLE THINK THAT I'M ON YOUR SIDE!
I SURE HOPE THIS WON'T CAUSE ANY HARD FEELINGS ON YOUR PART! I'M TRYING TO MAKE IT AS PAINLESS AS POSSIBLE...BUT YOU GUYS HAVE SUCH SLIPPERY HEADS!
UNHHHH!
THERE! WHEN YOU WAKE UP LATER ON, YOU'LL BE AS BAD AS NEW!
YUPHHHH!

YOU'LL BE SINGING A DIFFERENT TUNE AFTER I...HEY!!
THWIP!
BETTER LET ME HAVE THAT, SONNY! IT MIGHT BE LOADED!

EVEN WITHOUT A GUN, I'LL PROVE YOU AIN'T SO TOUGH! EVERYONE'S SCARED TO STAND UP TO YOU, BUT I'M DIFFERENT! I'LL... YEEOUFF!
LOOK, BIG MOUTH... DO I TELL YOU MY TROUBLES?
HE'S THE LAST OF 'EM... EXCEPT FOR THE MARAUDER HIMSELF!
IT WAS NICE OF HIM TO WAIT HIS TURN!

OKAY, MARAUDER... IT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG!
DO YOU WANT TO GIVE UP NOW, OR AFTER I WALTZ YOU AROUND A BIT?
YOU MEDDLING FOOL! YOU'VE UPSET MY VITAL TIMETABLE... AN UNFORGIVEABLE ACT..
AND ONE FOR WHICH YOU WILL PAY... WITH YOUR LIFE!

WOULD YOU MIND REPEATING THAT? I'M COMPILING A LIST OF CORNY, SUPER-VILLAIN CLICHÉS, AND... UNNH!
STILL THINK IT'S A LAUGHING MATTER, YOU WALL-CRAWLING WEASEL?
ZAT!

HE BLINDED ME!! I--I CAN'T SEE!! EVEN MY SPIDER SENSE CAN'T HELP ME NOW! I'M... HELPLESS!
ALTHOUGH THE EFFECTS OF MY OPTI-BLAST ARE TEMPORARY...
..THEY'LL LAST LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO FINISH YOU OFF.. FOREVER!
IF DAREDEVIL'S WATCHING.. HOW HE MUST BE LAUGHING AT ME!

BUT, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR IS DOING FAR MORE THAN THE HO-HO-HO BIT...
DAREDEVIL!
IF THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T STAND... IT'S A NAME DROPPER!
WHOP!

IF I WAS ABLE TO FELL SPIDER-MAN WITH ONE SINGLE BLAST, HOW CAN YOU EXPECT TO HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST ME?
LET'S JUST SAY I'M AN INCURABLE OPTIMIST! ALSO I'VE GOT A SECRET ADVANTAGE!
WHAT'S THAT?
I HAVEN'T ENOUGH SENSE TO BE FRIGHTENED!

WELL, MY ARROGANT ANTAGONIST... THIS IS WHERE YOU SHALL LEARN THE TRUE MEANING OF... FEAR!
SOME SORT OF BEAM STRIKING MY FACE... AIMED AT MY EYES!
ZAT!

I GUESS I'M JUST A BACKWARD STUDENT! MAYBE I NEED ANOTHER LESSON!
SO THAT'S WHAT IT WAS! IN ANY CASE, IT'S SORT OF LIKE GILDING THE LILY!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN TEMPORARILY BLINDED! STOP..!!
HOW DO YOU BLIND A MAN WHO IS ALREADY SIGHTLESS?

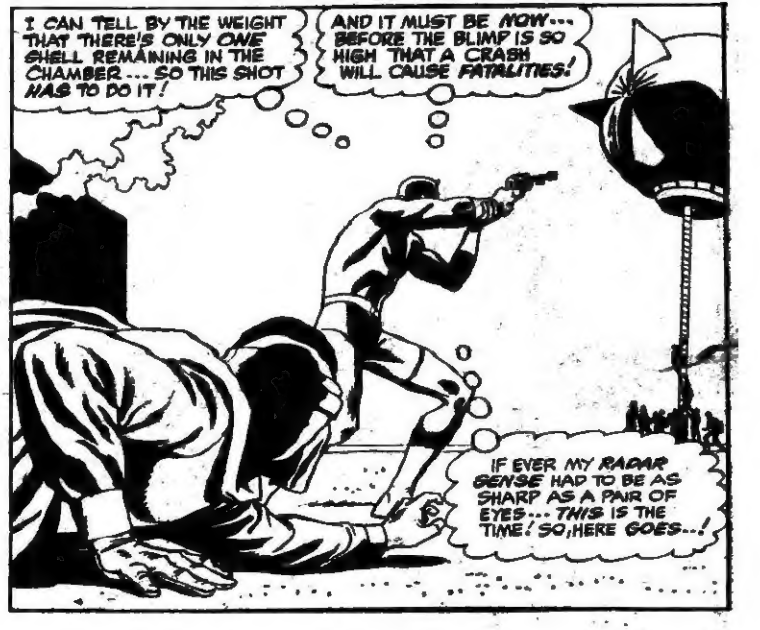
MY OPTI-BLAST NEVER FAILS! YOU CAN'T ATTACK ME! IT ISN'T POSS... UNNHN!
MISTER, YOU TALK TOO MUCH!
BOK!
IT'S MOMENTS LIKE THIS THAT MAKE ME GLAD I'M A TYPICAL, RED-BLOODED, GENUINE SUPER-HERO!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME... YOU CAN'T! NOT WHEN I'VE COME SO CLOSE TO SUCCESS! I CAN'T LOSE EVERYTHING NOW!
YOU'RE NOT MUCH AT KARATE, FRIEND... BUT YOU SURE DELIVER AN IMPASSIONED SOLILOQUY!
THAK!
ANYWAY, AFTER TANGLING WITH SPIDER-MAN, YOUR CHOP FEELS LIKE A LOVE TAP!

BUT SINCE YOU'VE RUN OUT OF WITTY REPARTEE, WE MIGHT AS WELL WRAP THIS UP! I'M GETTING A LITTLE TIRED OF TALKING TO MYSELF!
WHUUUPPPFF!
GESUNDHEIT!
WHUP!

THE BLIMP! ITS MOTORS ARE REVVING UP!
THE MARAUDER'S MEN MUST HAVE REVIVED!! THEY'RE TRYING A GET-AWAY!
AND WITHOUT EVEN SAYING GOODBYE! HOW CRASS!

WITHOUT A SECOND'S HESITATION, THE SIGHTLESS SENSATION REACHES DOWN, SEIZING A WEAPON WHICH ONE OF THE MARAUDER'S MEN HAS DROPPED ...
AND NOW, FOR THE NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK...!


I CAN TELL BY THE WEIGHT THAT THERE'S ONLY ONE SHELL REMAINING IN THE CHAMBER ... SO THIS SHOT HAS TO DO IT!
AND IT MUST BE NOW... BEFORE THE BLIMP IS SO HIGH THAT A CRASH WILL CAUSE FATALITIES!
IF EVER MY RADAR SENSE HAD TO BE AS SHARP AS A PAIR OF EYES... THIS IS THE TIME! SO, HERE GOES...!

THWOO
CRACK!
SCRATCH ONE BUSTED BLIMP!!
YEOWW!
IT EXPLODED...!!
THERE GOES OUR GETAWAY! WE'LL BE TRAPPED!

AND THAT, AS THEY SAY IN THE FUNNY PAPERS, TAKES CARE OF THAT!
I HEAR RUNNING FOOTSTEPS... COMING UP THE STAIRWAY! THE GUARDS ARE ON THE WAY TO TAKE CARE OF THE MARAUDER AND HIS MEN!
LUCKY! THE BUILDING IS FIREPROOF! THE BLIMP WILL SOON HARMLESSLY BURN ITSELF OUT!
I WONDER HOW SPIDEY IS MAKING OUT? THE EFFECTS OF THE OPTI-BLAST SHOULD HAVE WORN OFF BY NOW!

OKAY, GROUP! PLAYTIME IS OVER! HERE COME THE NICE MEN TO PUT YOU IN YOUR WARM, COSY LITTLE CELLS!
LOOK! IT'S DAREDEVIL! HE'S THE ONE WHO NABBED THE MARAUDER'S GANG!
THEN HE WAS ON OUR SIDE ALL ALONG!! IT WAS SPIDER-MAN WHO WAS IN LEAGUE WITH THE CROOKS!
THEN JAMESON WAS RIGHT ABOUT THAT DARNED MENACE! WE SHOULD HAVE BELIEVED HIM!

RATS! MY LUCK'S RUNNING TRUE TO FORM.. AS USUAL!
I END UP BEING THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE AGAIN, WHILE THAT SLAP-HAPPY HORNHEAD COMES OUT SMELLING LIKE A ROSE!

NO! WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S HE SAYING NOW? I MUST BE HEARING THINGS!
HOLD ON, THERE! YOU'RE ALL JUMPING TO THE WRONG CONCLUSION!
NO WONDER SPIDER-MAN ACTS SO BITTER SOMETIMES!
HE WAS NO MORE INVOLVED WITH THE MARAUDER THAN I WAS! IN FACT, HE'S THE ONE WHO TORE INTO THEM, BEFORE I COULD EVEN REACH THE SCENE!

THEN, SUDDENLY... WITHOUT A SINGLE WORD OF WARNING, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR PLUNGES HEADLONG OVER THE EDGE OF THE ROOF...!
THE MARAUDER!! HE'S GONE! WHILE WE WERE STANDING AROUND, TALKING.. HE ESCAPED!
I'VE GOT TO REACH THE STREET FIRST! I'LL DETECT THE RUSTLING OF HIS COSTUME NO MATTER WHERE HE HIDES!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE LONDON W.C.2.

FRAID we can't produce any EGGS for you! Chicken or chocolate! That's not the biz we're in! But in our symbolic way we have manufactured our own brand of Easter Offering! THREE of them, in fact. Shelled with our usual style of carefully cooked-up coveted covers. Inwardly just packed with a feast of Power brand goodies! Like . . . action epics to really get your teeth into! . . . Tummy-clutchin' funnies! . . . King-size repasts for all you tigers who hunger for the BEST in super-hero sagas! . . .

SO, LET'S SKIM DOWN THE MENU! In FANTASTIC, this week, the AVENGERS pitch in to yet another addition to our gallery of immortal villainy . . . who activates, ostentatiously perhaps, under the title of THE KEEPER OF THE FLAME! And, for the first time, HERCULES muscles in (and literally, we mean!) into the domain of the NORSE gods . . . and Thunder God THOR!

SMASH-wise, RUBBERMAN stretches fantasy-action to the limit when faced by the menacing mental machinations of MESMO . . . whilst BRIAN and his BRAIN run smack up against the malevolent DOCTOR MARAX. In POW! the grinnin' GREEN GOBLIN (and what a favourite HE is with all you super-baddie fanciers) guest-stars with a new villain THE CRIME-MASTER to get our SPIDEY climbing up the wall. That HIT-humour-hero THE CLOAK kicks off on another brand-new caper. Which has a special Easter tie-in to it! . . . as have all the funnies in POW! this week! So tuck you in, Power-housers! . . . To a bull-pen banquet! . . . Specially, created and stirred by some of the most dedicated chefs in the comics kingdom! . . . Solely to give YOU a super-swinging HOLIDAY! WITHOUT laying a single EGG! . . . well, not the kind WE mean, anyhow!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

David Davis, London, W.1; Stephen Marshall, Bootle, Liverpool 20; Colin Martin, Dundee, Scotland; Brian Burton, Aintree, Liverpool 9; Alan McIntosh, Bishop's Stortford, Herts.; Vincent Connelly, Birkenhead, Cheshire; Peter Rosebery, Stevenage, Herts.; Steven Crawford, Blackpool, Lancs.; John Maltezon, Wadhurst, Sussex; James Kehoe, Birkenhead, Cheshire; Gary Langston, High Wycombe, Bucks.; Martin Davis, Loughton, Essex; Robert Woodward, King's Norton, Birmingham; William Brown, Ballingry, Fife; Roger Courtnell, Ellesmere Port, Cheshire; Avtar Singh, Southall, Middx.; William Teo Boon Tat, Kuala Trengganu, Malaysia; Timothy Ellis, Boreham Wood, Herts.; Stephen Craig, Aldridge, Staffs.; Ken Simpson, Darlington, Co. Durham.

STILL ON THE SUBJECT OF EASTER. While you Brethren are reading these imperishable words and most of us editorializing Power-housers are sittin' around looking lost because the garret's all barred and locked up for the holiday . . . spare a kindly, sympathetic thought for BIG BOLD BART! On a sudden whim (we use those for transport around the garret) BART packed toothbrush, beret and some back issues of Power for reading matter and took himself off to PARIS! Poor feller! Imagine having to browse gently up the quaint slopes of Montmartre to the blue-skied roof of the City of Light . . . . meandering to the swish of the dappled Seine . . . idling through philosophies of life at canopied sidewalk cafes . . . and chestnuts and blossoms and wine as cheap as water . . . . . ! !

He doesn't know the risk he's taking. Think of the shock when he comes back, blithe as a stroll down the Bois De Boulogne, to the frenetic racket of the garret . . . Think of the switch from musings on existentialism to the mixed-up madness of passing pages of Power!

THE REST OF US haven't been so foolish! Huh! HE'LL be sorry! We're just thankful WE didn't let our hearts rule our minds! WE'RE the lucky ones! Course our wise old feller says we're just saying all this because we're jealous! Jealous ??!!! Wellllllll . . . . . ?!

TUFFY McGREW

PHEW! I'LL NEVER GET THIS CHOCOLATE EASTER EGG TO THE ORPHANS' HOME — IT WEIGHS A TON!

LEAVE IT TO ME, MISTER FOX! I'LL CARRY IT FOR YOU!

HELP! I'M TAKING OFF!

TUFFY'S A HANDY LAD TO HAVE AROUND!

ZOOM!

OH, NO! THE EGG'S TILTING! I'M SLIDING OFF!

AAGH!

CRASH!

SHAKE!

COO! YOU'RE ALL DUSTY — I'LL SHAKE IT OFF!

NO FEAR OF COMING OFF NOW!

OH, NO...?

AAGH! I'M HOOKED!

GRAND
EASTE
PARA
EASTER

OFF AGAIN! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO WITH YOU!

SOON...

ORPHANAGE

HERE'S YOUR EGG, MISS TOCKER! SAFE AND SOUND!

THANK YOU, TUFFY! THE KIDS WILL BE DELIGHTED!

SWEETS

HAVE YOU SEEN FREDDIE FOX ABOUT? I SENT HIM UP TO THE ORPHANAGE WITH A BIG EGG AND HE HASN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE!

LISTEN!

OH, NO! I CLEAN FORGOT!

OH! I ONLY HOPE I'M IN TIME!

ZOOM!

BACK AT THE ORPHANAGE...

ER — EXCUSE ME — I FORGOT SOMETHING!

ERK! IT'S MISTER FOX!

COO! I CLEAN FORGOT I PUT YOU INSIDE THE EGG TO STOP YOU SLIPPING OFF!

LUCKY YOU REMEMBERED IN TIME — I MIGHT HAVE BEEN EATEN UP!

HAVE AN EASTER 'RABBIT' WITH ALF AND COS!

Dear Alf and Cos,

I like your comic very much. I enjoy all your stories, but I like Daredevil the best. Did you know that Michael, a friend of mine, went to the pictures tomorrow and sat with Anita, a friend of his in the front seat at the back? Anyway, a lady gave them a banana each and they ate it and gave it back. I hope you two are as confused as I was, when I was told this story.

Richard Ashelford,
Bradford 4, Yorkshire.

We'll think up an answer to this one last week.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I think SMASH is smashing, but one thing puzzles me . . . Why does the Batmobile never need to get petrol? I think SMASH would be more smashing if you had the Avengers or the Fantastic Four in it.

Alex McDonald,
Stirling.

'Course the Batmobile needs petrol, Alex! But since we aim to show you the most EXCITING parts of Batman, that doesn't include seeing the Batmobile filling up with petrol. Right? Right!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I think all your features are super, but I love gruesome monsters, so do you think (because nothing frightens me and I'm sure nothing frightens other kids, either), we could have horrible, gruesome epics in the future. The more gruesome the better. Please don't think I'm abnormal—I'm just a kid who likes monsters! Whee!

Graham Potter,
Dagenham, Essex.

We'll do our gruesome best, Tiger! Keep reading.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I like Charlie's Choice, but there is one thing wrong with it. When Charlie shakes the telly to get someone out and Cilla Black or someone like that just disappears other viewers with other tellys must get a bit mad.

John Raines,
Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire.

You should know! You MUST have been watching a programme when its suddenly gone blank! That was probably Charlie's doing.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

MORE, MORE, MORE funnies and jokes in SMASH, please! Why do you go on putting things like Rubberman and Daredevil in SMASH? These things are just a waste of space! In SMASH 168 you wasted 12 pages on rubbish. Yes, that's the only word for it—RUBBISH! You must realise by now that only one thing makes a comic great, and that is the funny stuff. Now to get down to the more pleasant part of my letter. My favourite feature in SMASH is The Man From B.U.N.G.L.E. He is by far the funniest in the whole comic. Then come Percy's Pets and Bad Penny. NOW, REMEMBER . . . STOP WASTING SPACE!

D. Keeton,
Sherwood, Nottingham.

Okay—Hands on hearts, we promise we won't waste space. But we also promise to keep Rubberman and Daredevil.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Ta-ta-ta-taah! Presenting the 1967 award for the best letters of the year. In third place we have John Loughnane for his letter in SMASH 72. Second is Paul Wastell whose letter was in ISH 60. And now, ladies and gentlemen, the best letter of 1967 was in SMASH 51 and was written by Peter Simpson. Your no-prizes are on the way, chosen ones! Now to get to the point of writing this letter in the first place. This Frantic Fan was in at the beginning of Power Comics. He bought issues one and two of WHAM, but gave it up in disgust after a few weeks. His enthusiasm waned, and when SMASH appeared on the bookstalls he didn't even bother to buy it. Then one day, for lack of anything better to do, he procured a copy of SMASH 16. You could have knocked him down with a feather, for there in the kid's hands was a great comic with one of the most fantastic creations . . . THE HULK! The inclusion of the green skinned Goliath brought a steady stream of intelligent letters from informed fans. Yours truly was delighted. At last decent letters in a British comic! And then quite suddenly, actually it was about Ish 72, they either stopped coming in or you stopped printing them. Since then the number of good letters printed in any of your mags can be counted on one hand. Come on, Alf and Cos, start printing the kind of letters that used to appear in the early days!

J. N. Morgan,
Newport, Mon.

Ears this way, Tigers! We can only print the letters we get! So-o-o . . . it's up to you trendsetters out there! Yes, YOU! And, at this end, there's Merry Margaret ready with the pound notes! Get the message? You do!—GREAT! Let's be hearing from you.

Alf and Cos.

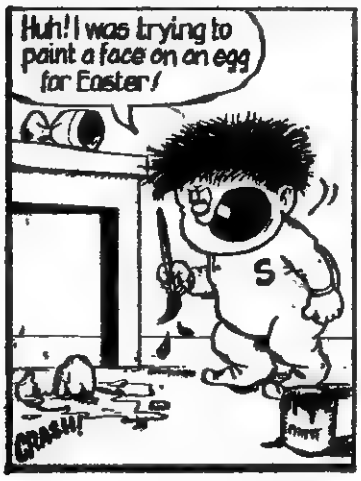
DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature in Smash is .....

My second favourite feature in Smash is .....

Send the coupon with your letters to: Alf and Cos, SMASH, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BABY SMASHER



BAD PENNY

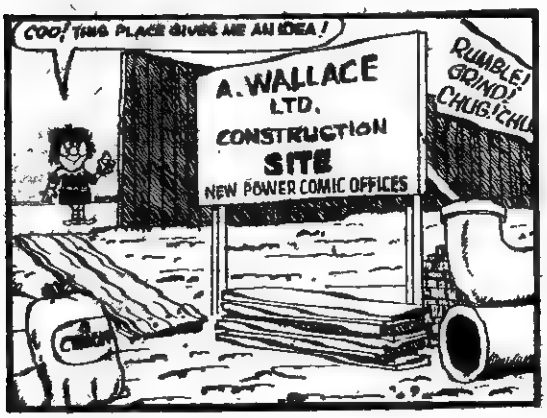
AMMO.

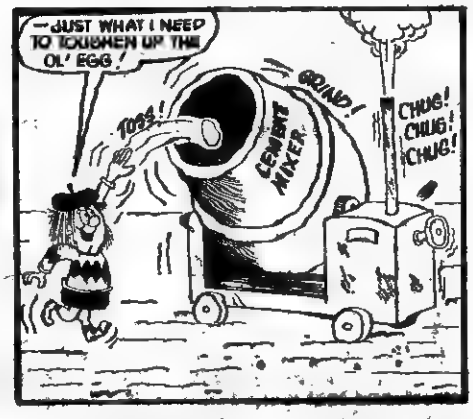
BAD PENNY
1968

STUPID GAME; EGG ROLLING! GOOD JOB YOU'RE ONLY SUPPOSED TO DO IT AT EASTER! — TAKE THAT ONE AND BE GRATEFUL!!
OW! WHAT A ROTTEN, STUPID LITTLE EGG!

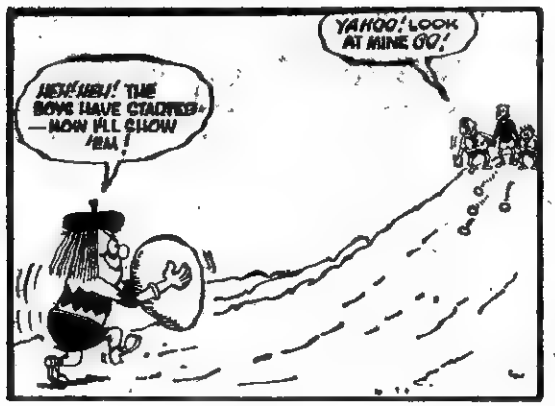
HUH! I DON'T THINK IT'S BEEN BOILED HARD ENOUGH, ANYWAY!
SLOP! SLOP!

GULP! CHOME!
HEY, FRED — LOOK AT THAT PATHETIC PEANUT PENNY'S GOT!
COR! — I THOUGHT WE WE'RE GOIN' TO PLAY EGG ROLLIN'!

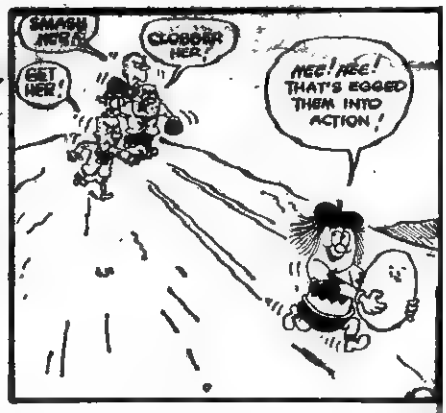

COO! THIS PLACE GIVES ME AN IDEA!
A. WALLACE LTD. CONSTRUCTION SITE
NEW POWER COMIC OFFICES
RUMBLE! GRIND! CHUG! CHU

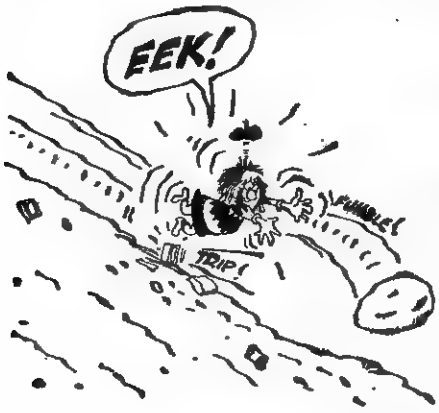

— JUST WHAT I NEED TO TOUGHEN UP THE OL' EGG!
TOSS!
CEMENT MIXER
GRIND!
CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

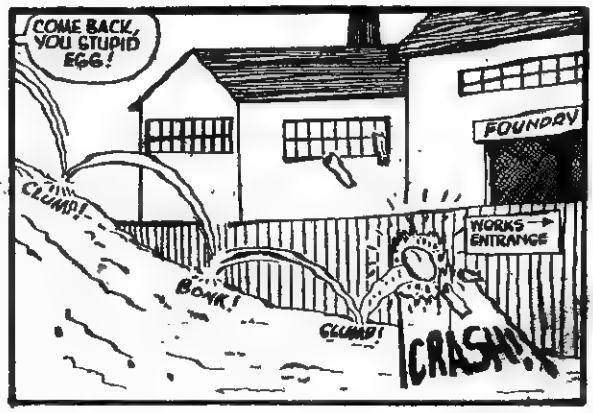
— NOW, THAT'S WHAT I CALL AN EGG!

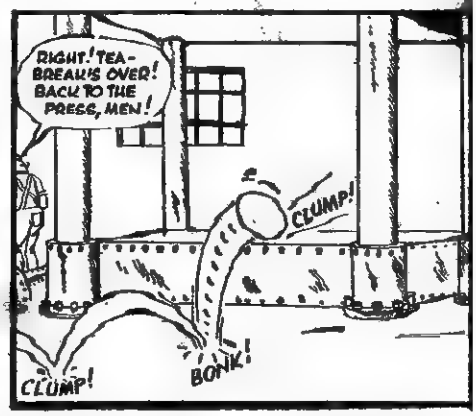

YAHOO! LOOK AT MINE GO!
HEH! HEH! THE BOWS HAVE STARTED — NOW I'LL SHOW 'EM!

OH, DEAR! MY LITTLE OL' EGG SEEMS TO HAVE RUN OVER YOURS! — SNIGGER!
BOY! — SHE'S SCRAMBLED 'EM!
ROLL
CRUSH!
SPLAT!
CRUNCH!


SMASH HER!
CLOBBER HER!
GET HER!
HEE! HEE! THAT'S EGGED THEM INTO ACTION!

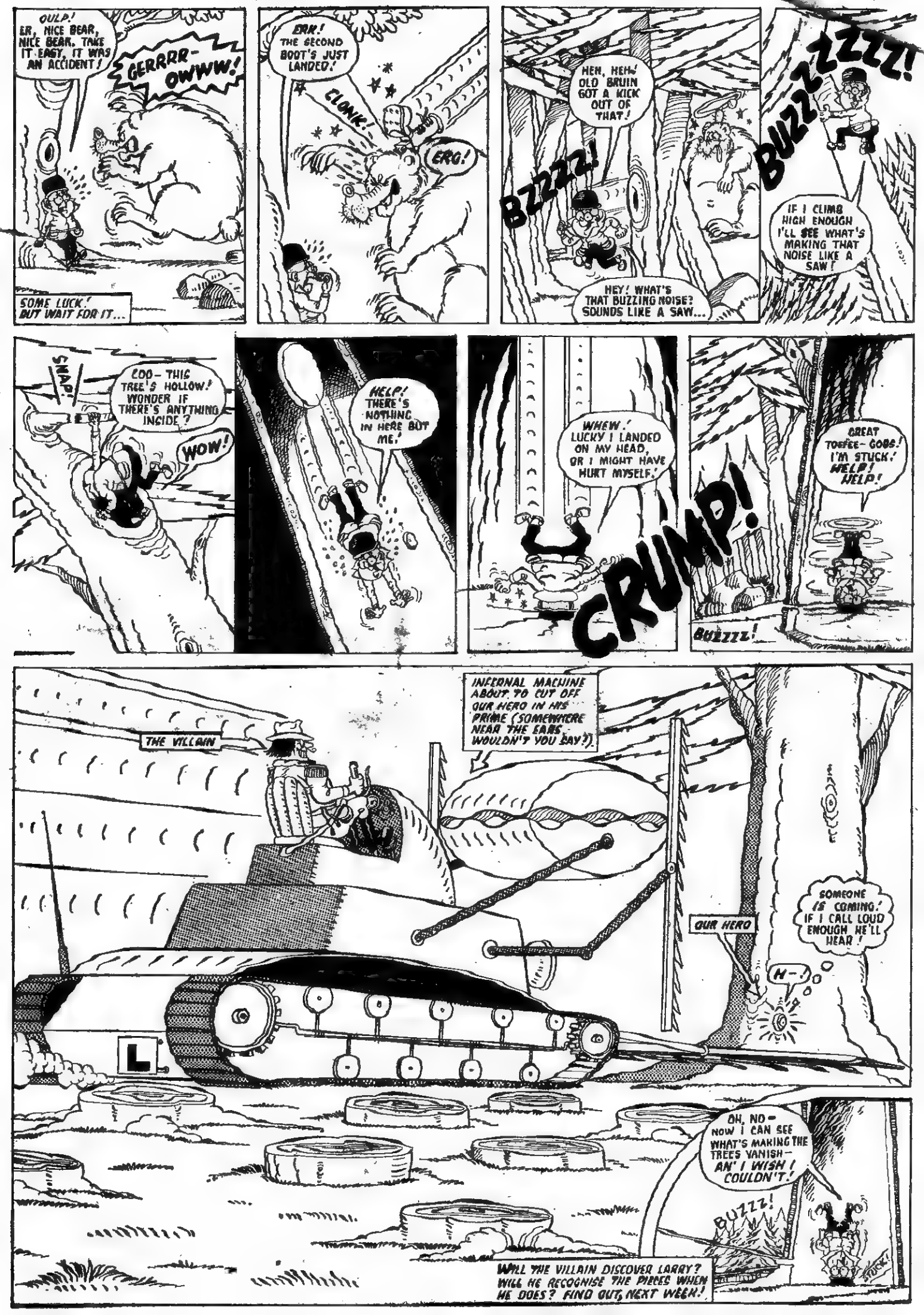

EEK!
TRIP!
FUMBLE!


COME BACK, YOU STUPID EGG!
FOUNDRY
WORKS ENTRANCE
CLUMP!
BONK!
CLUMP!
CRASH!


RIGHT! TEA-BREAK'S OVER! BACK TO THE PRESS, MEN!
CLUMP!
CLUMP!
BONK!

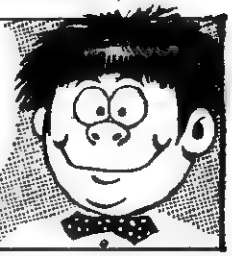
KROOMF!!
AIEEE!—OUR NEW £790,000 HYDRAULIC PRESS — BUST!!
CRACK!
SLAM!
CRASH!
PEEOW!
CHUGGA! CHUGGA! CHUGGA!
RUMBLE!
AIEEE! MY BEAUTIFUL £90,000 NEW ROAD-ROLLER! SHATTERED!
OH, DEAR! THAT'S REALLY DONE IT! GULP!
CRASH!
STAND STILL, GIRL, AND BE THUMPED!
HELP!
ZOOM
NOW TO GET RID OF THE EVIDENCE! JUST IN TIME, TOO— I CAN HEAR DAD COMING!
Penny?
HELP! THE FIRE'R EXPLODED THE CONCRETE SHELL!
AARG!
SPLAT!
WHAM!
UGO! THE VOLK'S ON DAD!!
TERRIBLE PONG!
PHEW! WHAT A PONG, POP!
IT'S A BAD EGG— LIKE YOU, MISS!
SICKLY GRIN
YEOWL! WHACK!
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF'S OFFICE
THIS PICTURE HAS BEEN
CENSORED
BY ....Alf..... SO AS NOT TO BE HARMFUL TO SENSITIVE SMASH READERS
WHACK! HOWL!
SMASH!
ALF'S PRIVATE NOTEPAPER
(PLEASE READ THIS KNEELING)
Dear Cos,
All this violence has got to stop!
If you don't put a stop to it, I'll be forced to come down to your room and beat the living daylights out of you!!
Alf

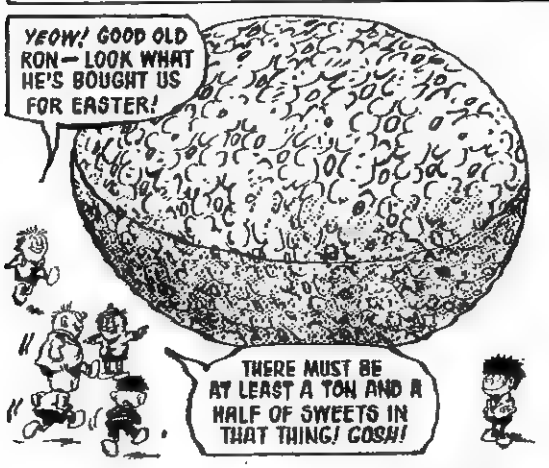
THE MAN FROM
B.U.N.G.L.E.
LARRY, THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E., IS OFF ON A NEW MISSION. HE'S BEEN LOANED TO THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE, WHO'VE HAD TO CONFESS THAT, FOR ONCE IN THEIR HISTORY, THEY'RE STUMPED!
BUT WHY CALL ON ME? I THOUGHT YOU MOUNTIES ALWAYS GOT YOUR MAN YOURSELVES!
YEAH, WE DO! BUT THIS TIME IT'S NOT A MAN WE'RE LOOKING FOR—
FRAGILE
—IT'S A WHOLE DARN FOREST! SOMEONE'S PINCHED IT AND ALL WE'RE LEFT WITH IS A LOT OF STUMPS—LOOK DOWN THERE!
WE'RE COMING TO THE UNCUT FOREST NOW, BUT I RECKON IT WON'T BE FOR LONG—UNLESS YOU SOLVE THE MYSTERY. WE'LL DROP YOU FROM HERE!
YESSIR! YOU CAN COUNT ON ME! I'LL GET YOUR MAN—ER—FOREST! GOODBYE, SIR!
I'M ON MY WAY. HEY—WAIT A MINUTE! I THINK I'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING!
YES, YOU TWERP! YOUR PARACHUTE!
OOOOO! HOPE I LAND ON SOMETHING SOFT!
LONG ARM OF THE LAW.
HEY—YOU CAN'T GO LIKE THAT!
PUEW! THANKS!
YOU FORGOT THIS!
OF COURSE! JUST WHAT I NEEDED!
IT'S REGULATION EQUIPMENT, WHETHER OR NOT YOU USE IT, YOU GOTTA TAKE IT!
OH, I'LL USE IT ALL RIGHT!
HE MIGHT HAVE GIVEN ME TIME TO PUT IT ON! CAN'T MAKE OUT HOW THIS ROTTEN PARACHUTE WORKS!
CLIMBING BOOTS! HOW DO I MAKE A SOFT LANDING WITH THOSE? I'M FALLING—NOT FLIPPIN' CLIMBING!
BAH! THEY'RE USELESS!
USELESS, ARE THEY? WATCH THIS! STEP ONE—TAKE A NEST OF EGGS...
YEEK! MY EASTER EGGS!
THUMP!
STEP TWO—AND A BEES' NEST. MIX THOROUGHLY...
SPLAT!
ANGRY BUZZ!
STEP THREE:—ADD ONE LARGE, FAT GRIZZLY BEAR...
BUZZ! GRRR! WHO DUNNIT? BET IT WAS HIM!
PEACEFUL SNORE!
ZZZ
AND YOU'VE GOT...
BUZZ!
YOW!
STING. ZOOM!
...A NICE, SOFT LANDING...
COO, WHAT LUCK!
SPLAT!
OOOOF!

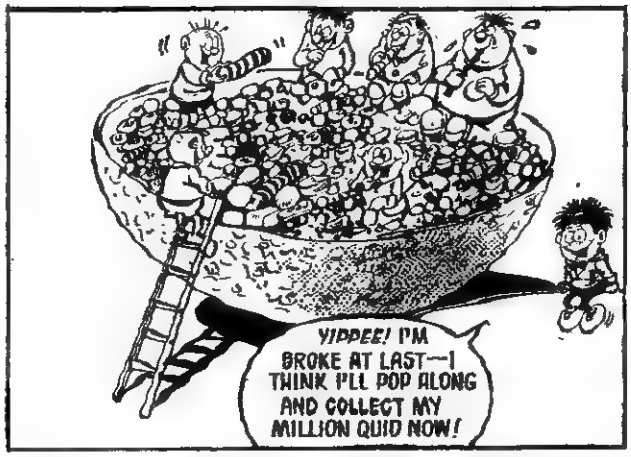

OULP! ER, NICE BEAR, NICE BEAR. TAKE IT EASY, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
GERRRR-OWWW!
SOME LUCK! BUT WAIT FOR IT...
ERK! THE SECOND BOOT'S JUST LANDED!
CLONK!
ERG!
HEH, HEH! OLD BRUIN GOT A KICK OUT OF THAT!
BZZZZ!
HEY! WHAT'S THAT BUZZING NOISE? SOUNDS LIKE A SAW...
BUZZZZZZZZ!
IF I CLIMB HIGH ENOUGH I'LL SEE WHAT'S MAKING THAT NOISE LIKE A SAW!
SNAP!
LOO- THIS TREE'S HOLLOW! WONDER IF THERE'S ANYTHING INSIDE?
WOW!
HELP! THERE'S NOTHING IN HERE BUT ME!
WHEW! LUCKY I LANDED ON MY HEAD, OR I MIGHT HAVE HURT MYSELF!
CRUMP!
GREAT TOFFEE-GOBS! I'M STUCK! HELP! HELP!
BUZZZZ!
THE VILLAIN
INFERNAL MACHINE ABOUT TO CUT OFF OUR HERO IN HIS PRIME (SOMEWHERE NEAR THE EARS - WOULDN'T YOU SAY?).
OUR HERO
SOMEONE IS COMING! IF I CALL LOUD ENOUGH HE'LL HEAR!
H-!
L
OH, NO - NOW I CAN SEE WHAT'S MAKING THE TREES VANISH - AN' I WISH I COULDN'T!
BUZZZ!
WILL THE VILLAIN DISCOVER LARRY? WILL HE RECOGNISE THE PIECES WHEN HE DOES? FIND OUT, NEXT WEEK!

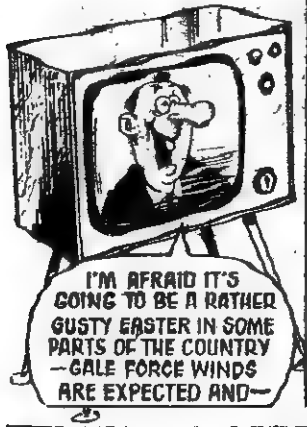
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

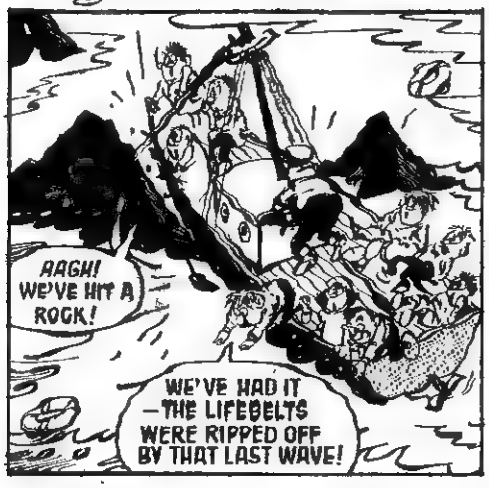
RONNIE RICH

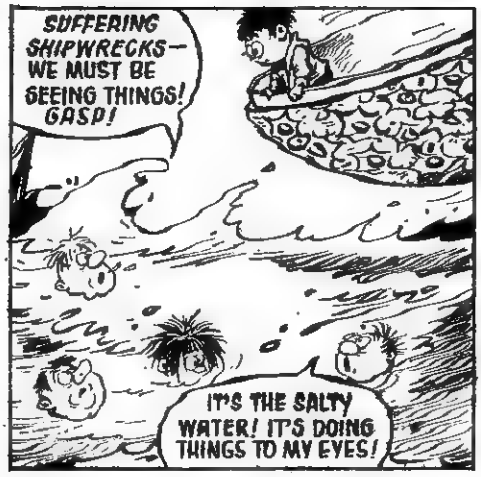


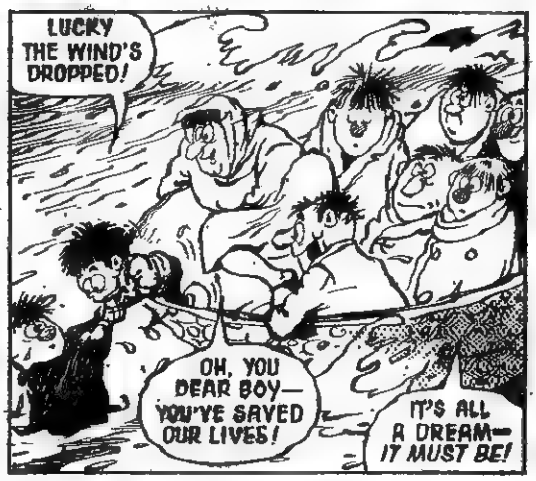


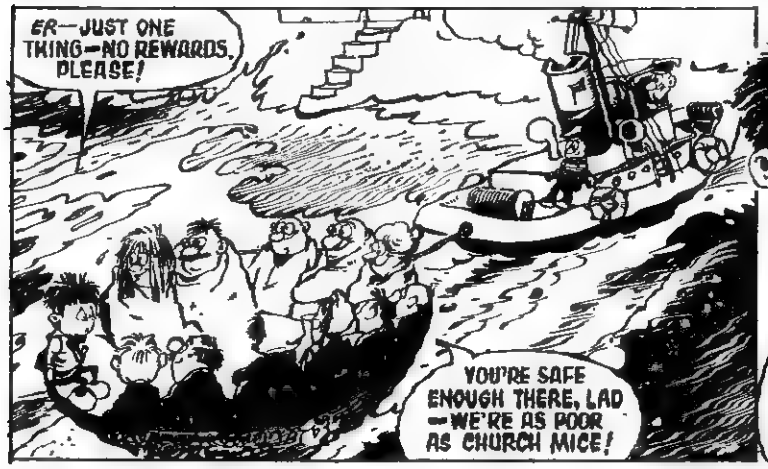


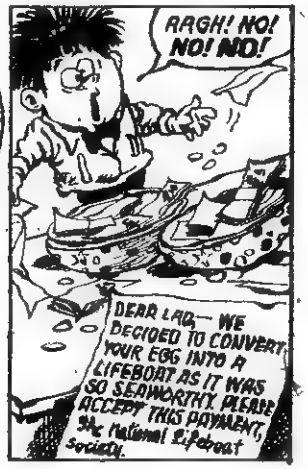












MEET . . . Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about *everything*—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

EVERYONE is talking about eggs this week, so why should old Knowall be different? Well, he is—because he is going to use the word "egg" to give you a foreign language in one minute flat!

S'true . . . with a bit of practice, you and your gang will be able to talk to each other and no-one else will be able to understand a word of it!

You'll be a bit slow at first, of course. But keep at it and you'll soon be talking it like a native. Okay? Okay! Here's all you do . . .

Just add the word "egg" before the vowels of the word you are saying . . . for example, suppose you wanted to say "Meet me at six" — you would say, "MEGG-EET MEGG-E EGG-AT SEGG-IX." And that's it!

MAKE A MAGIC SQUARE

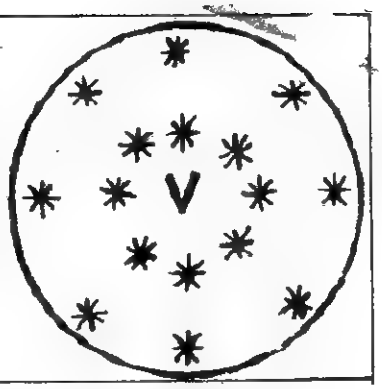
1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9

Can you arrange these numbers so that they total 15 whichever way you add up — across, downwards, or diagonally?

ANSWER ON THE RIGHT.

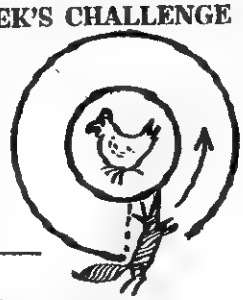
CHALLENGE!

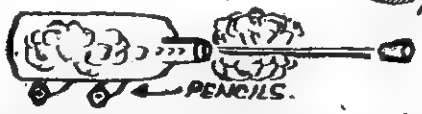
THIS week's challenge is a "word wheel." If you can fill in each star with the right letter, you will be able to read the same word whichever way you turn the wheel.



ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CHALLENGE

Here is how the fox was trapped. It passed through the gate and naturally went right round the outer circle trying to find a way into the inner circle to get at the hen. At the end of the circle, it had to knock into the open gate now barring its path. This, of course, closed the gate—trapping the fox in the outer circle!





This gun works just like a cannon. And all you want is a bottle, vinegar, some soda or bicarbonate — and a couple of pencils.

It's a muzzle loader of course—so tip in a good measure of soda or bicarbonate and follow up with the vinegar. Now push in the cork just firm, and lay the bottle on the pencils. You'll see the stuff inside froth up and then—BANG!—out shoots the cork. And the bottle rolls back on the pencils.

Set yourself up targets and challenge your mates to an artillery bottle—I mean battle!

DID YOU KNOW . . .

. . . How Robinson Crusoe got every weekend off?

. . . Why an empty purse never alters?

. . . What is cured when it is dead?

ANSWERS

He got all his work done by Friday!

There's no change in it!

A fish!

2	9	4
7	5	3
6	1	8

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

TO: MR. KNOWALL,
64, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

Make the scene with a Tonibell MINIBALL

The fun way to eat ice cream!

Ask for the Tonibell MINIBALL in these popular colours–red, white, blue, green, yellow and orange*. Take off the removable top–dig into the ice cream inside. Oh boy, how you'll enjoy the creamy lusciousness of Tonibell's famous ice cream! Now place the top back onto the empty MINIBALL and you've a smashing ball to play with. Rounders, football, cricket . . . the Tonibell MINIBALL will give you loads of fun.

From all shops and vans with the Tonibell MINIBALL sign.

*Collect your first set of Tonibell MINIBALL colours now!

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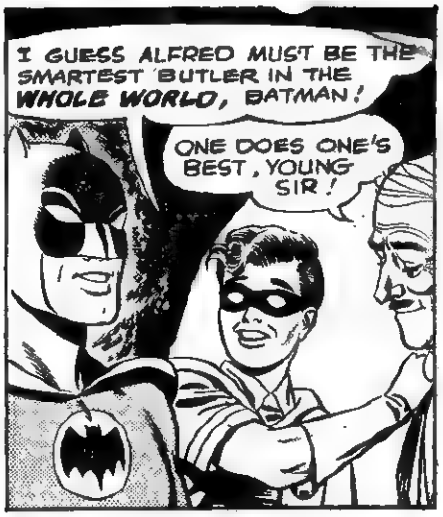
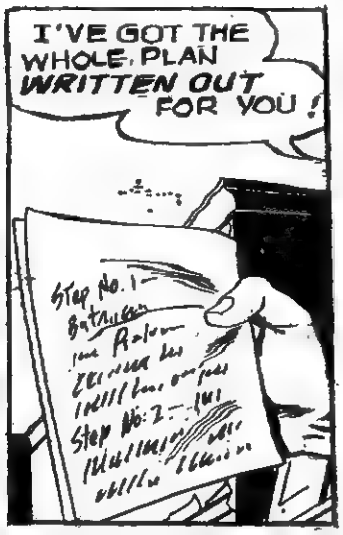




Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE!

GOR! I'LL MAKE A MALLET OUT OF MY STICK AN' THIS OLD LOG!—

OOER!
— AN' BASH CHARLIE ON THE BONCE WITH IT!

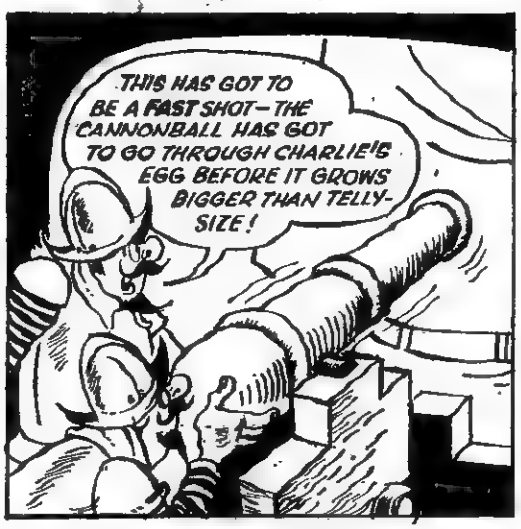
ENEMY ATTACKING!
— PREPARE TO POUR YE BOILING OIL!
SIZZLE!

GIMME THAT EGG!
NO!
OIL POURED, CAPTAIN!

EEK! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?
WHOOSH!

BLEH!
WELL, THE TELLY LADS DID IT AGAIN! I DON'T THINK SMASHER WILL BOTHER ME NOW!

THIS STICK'S HANDY — NOW I CAN EAT MY EGG LIKE A LOLLY!


THIS HAS GOT TO BE A FAST SHOT — THE CANNONBALL HAS GOT TO GO THROUGH CHARLIE'S EGG BEFORE IT GROWS BIGGER THAN TELLY-SIZE!

BOOM!
FIRE!

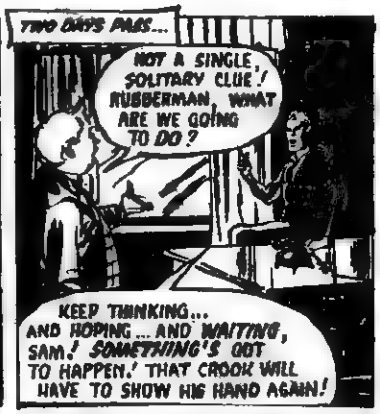
HEY!! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?? I'M NOT SMASHER!

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?
FAIR'S FAIR — WE SAVED YOUR EGG FOR YOU!

THEY'RE RIGHT, THOUGH — THEY DESERVE A SHARE! HAPPY EASTER, ALL!

THE RUBBER MAN!

WE HAVE SEEN HOW A TIMID, LITTLE STAGE HYPNOTIST HAS BEEN GIVEN SUPER POWERS OF MASS DELUSION. WE HAVE SEEN HOW HE ROBBED A THEATRE BY MAKING IT SEEM AS IF IT WERE AFIRE. NOW LET US WATCH FATE DRAW THIS HYPNOTIC VILLAIN, WHO NOW CALLS HIMSELF MESMO, CLOSER TO THE DESTINY OF PRIVATE EYE SAM HUTT, AND HIS AMAZING PARTNER RUBBERMAN!

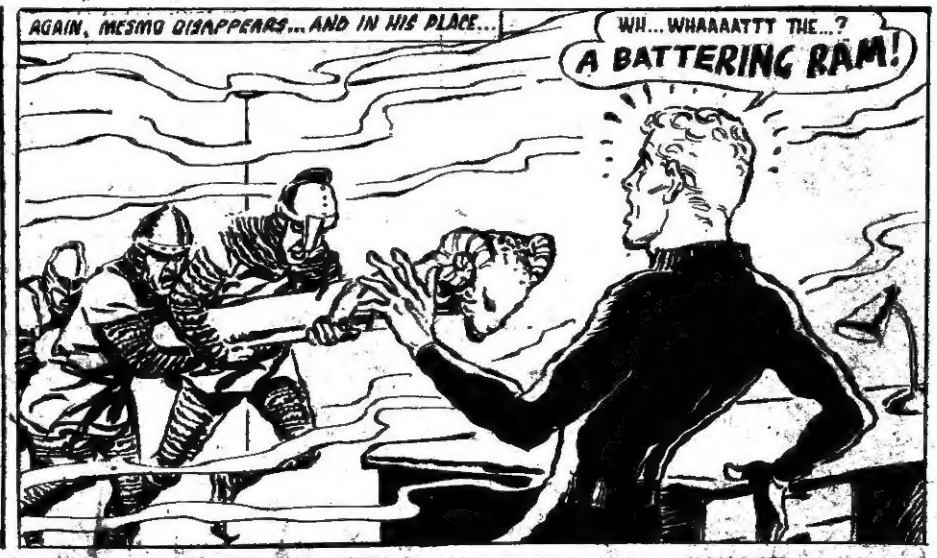


AND SO...
SOMEONE'S KNOCKING AT THE DOOR! ANY BET IT'S A NEW CLIENT, RUBBO?
NO TAKERS, SAM!
KNOCK! KNOCK!

BUT WHEN THE DOOR SWINGS TO REVEAL THE CALLER...
...A GORILLA!

SAM DOES NOT LINGER LONG ENOUGH TO SEE THE SNARLING MONSTER DISSOLVE...
GET OUT OF HERE, RUBBERMAN! JUMP OUT THE WINDOW! ANYTHING!... GET AWAY FROM THAT THING!
MESMO!
YOUR PODGY PARTNER SEES SOMETHING... WHERE THERE IS NOTHING!

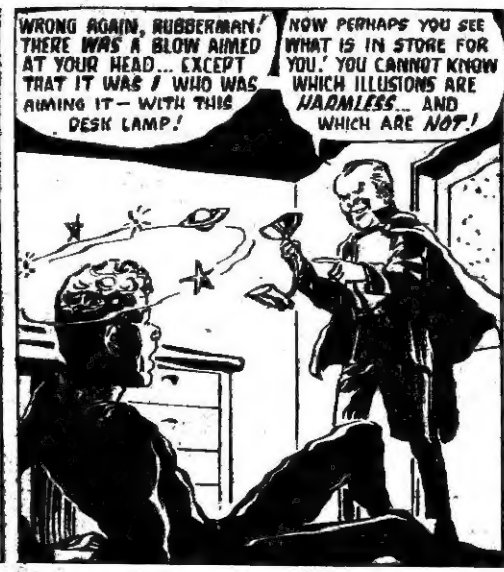
THE SMILE DROPS FROM THE FACE OF THE MASTER HYPNOTIST...
I CAME TO ACCEPT YOUR CRUDE CHALLENGE, MY FREAKISH FOE! I AM IMPATIENT TO EXPOSE YOU AS A MERE BRAGGARD...
...IN OTHER WORDS, TO COIN A PHRASE, LET BATTLE COMMENCE!


AGAIN, MESMO DISAPPEARS... AND IN HIS PLACE...
WH... WHAAAATTT THE...?
A BATTERING RAM!

INSTINCTIVELY RUBBERMAN DODGES...
...WHAT AM I DOING???
...THERE IS NO MEDIEVAL BATTERING RAM! JUST THE ILLUSION OF ONE... PLANTED IN MY MIND BY MESMO!

NEXT SECOND THE SCENE CHANGES...
YOU CAN'T TRICK ME A SECOND TIME, MESMO! I WILL NOT WASTE ENERGY DODGING AN ILLUSION!
THAT WAR-CLUB ABOUT TO CONNECT WITH MY HEAD... IS NOTHING BUT MIRAGE-FILLED AIR! AND THAT CAN'T HURT ME!

BUT...
SO, MESMO, [illegible] LITTLE...
UUHHHHH!


WRONG AGAIN, RUBBERMAN! THERE WAS A BLOW AIMED AT YOUR HEAD... EXCEPT THAT IT WAS I WHO WAS AIMING IT — WITH THIS DESK LAMP!
NOW PERHAPS YOU SEE WHAT IS IN STORE FOR YOU! YOU CANNOT KNOW WHICH ILLUSIONS ARE HARMLESS... AND WHICH ARE NOT!

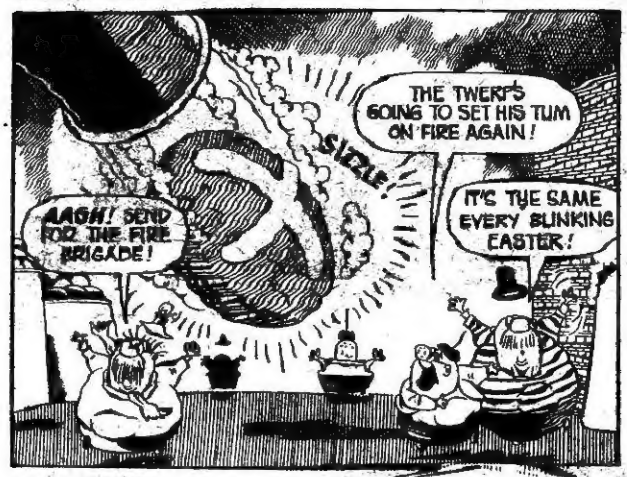
BUT LET US CONTINUE OUR GAME! FOR I INTEND TO PLAY WITH YOU... AS A CAT WITH A MOUSE... A MOUSE THAT HE INTENDS SOONER OR LATER TO KILL!
...AS I INTEND TO KILL YOU!
NEXT ISH: MIRAGE— OR MENACE???

THE NERVS

OH, BOY! HERE COME THE HOT CROSS BUNS—STRAIGHT FROM THE OVEN! SLURP!

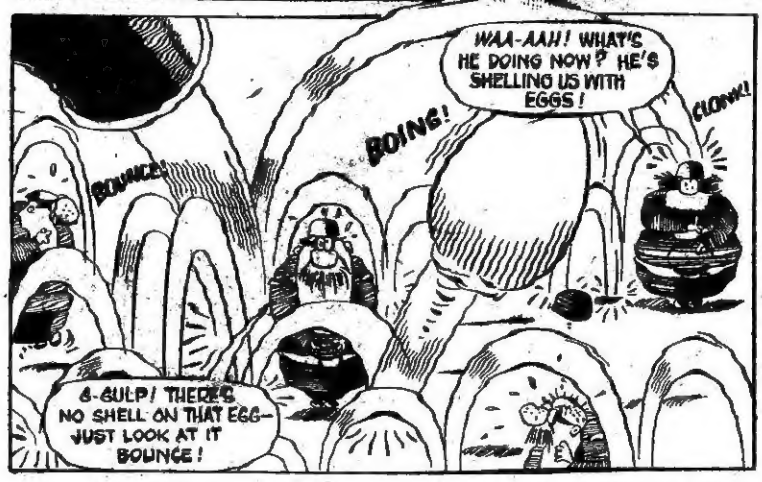
AAGH! LET THEM COOL A MINUTE, YOU CLOT—THEY'RE PIPING HOT!
GRAB!

COO! THEY ARE HOT! GASP! GASP!


THE TWERP'S GOING TO SET HIS TUM ON FIRE AGAIN!
SIZZLE!
IT'S THE SAME EVERY BLINKING EASTER!
AAGH! SEND FOR THE FIRE BRIGADE!

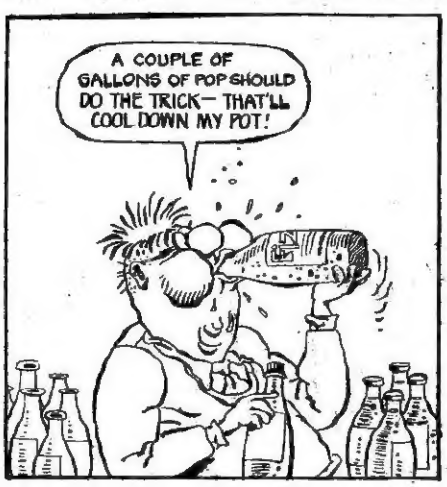
DING-A-DING-DING
GANGWAY—CLEAR THE DECKS—WE'LL SOON PUT THAT THING OUT!
NERV FIRE SERVICE
HURRY UP THEN—IT'S BURNING A HOLE IN THE BLINKING FLOOR!

NO MORE HOT CROSS BUNS FOR ME—I'LL HAVE A NICE, COOL, HARD-BOILED EGG!


WAA-AAH! WHAT'S HE DOING NOW? HE'S SHELLING US WITH EGGS!
BOUNCE!
BOING!
CLONK!
G-GULP! THERE'S NO SHELL ON THAT EGG—JUST LOOK AT IT BOUNCE!

SPLOOSH!
BOO! HOO! HOO! OUR LOVELY NEW FIRE ENGINE—OBLITERATED!
NERV FIRE SERVICE
KROINNK!
GRR! BLINKING GREAT CLOT—WE'LL NEVER PUT OUT THAT BUN NOW!

THAT EGG DIDN'T DO MUCH GOOD—MY TUM STILL FEELS AS IF IT'S ON FIRE!


A COUPLE OF GALLONS OF POP SHOULD DO THE TRICK—THAT'LL COOL DOWN MY POT!

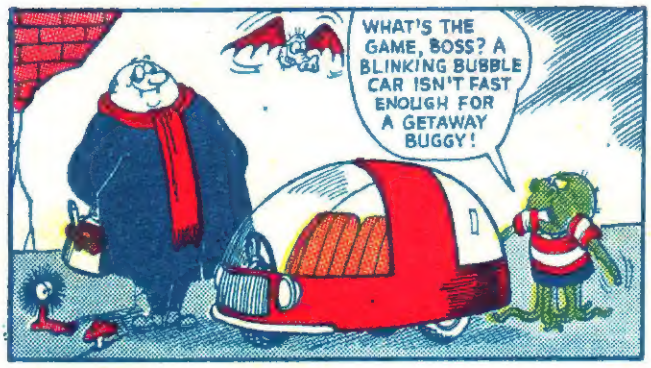
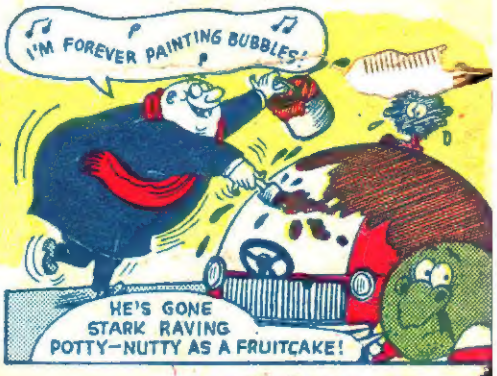
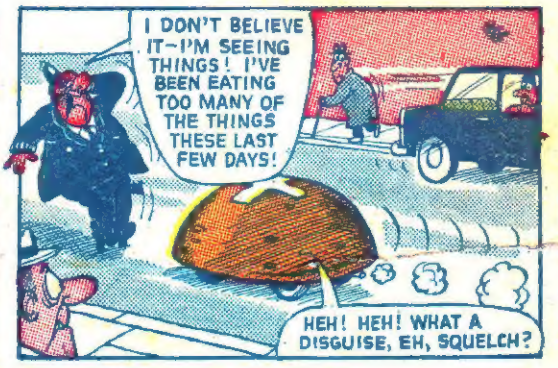
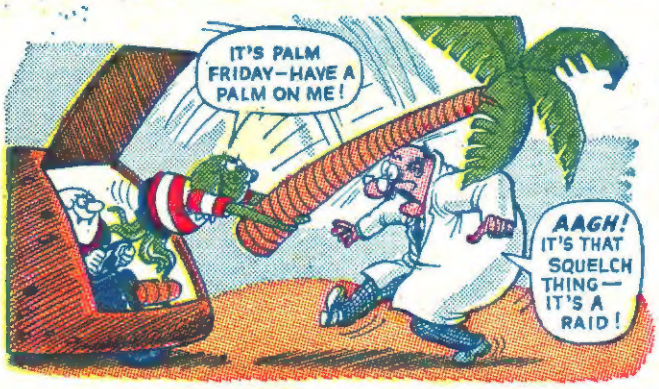
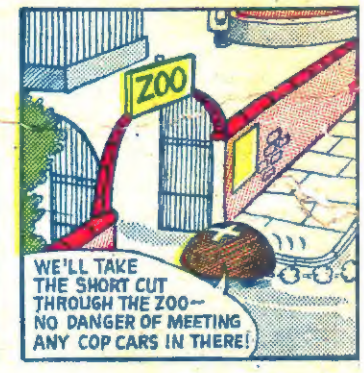
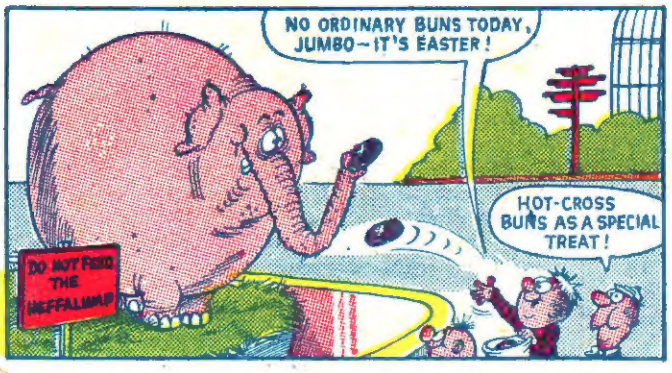
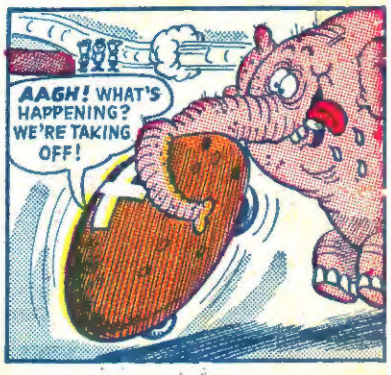
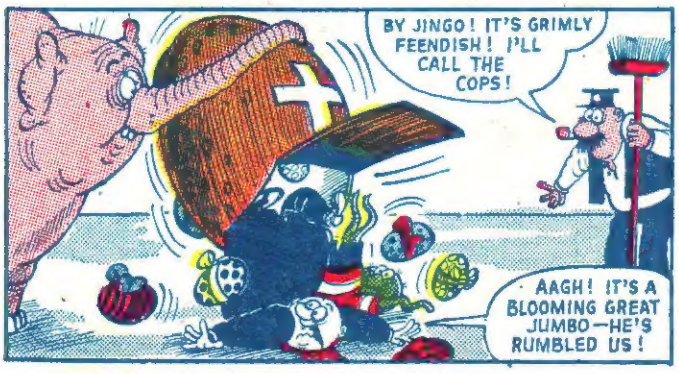
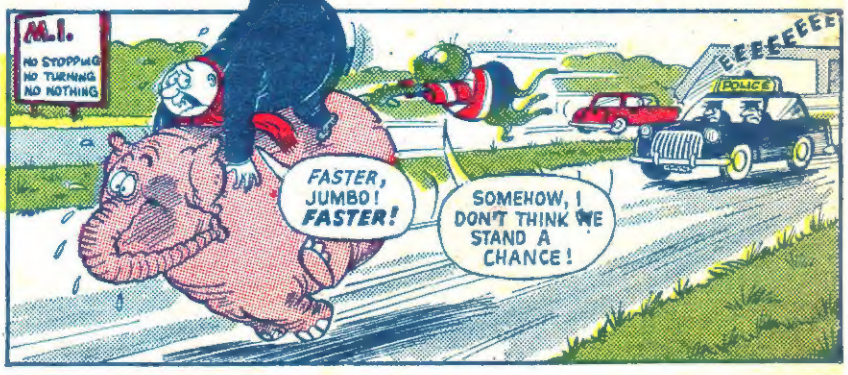
HUH! FAT LOT OF GOOD THAT DID—HIS FOOD TUBE'S STILL SO HOT IT'S EVAPORATED THE LEMONADE!
SSSSSSS!
SHHHH!
YEAH! IT'S NOTHING BUT BLINKING STEAM BY THE TIME IT GETS HERE!

THE HOSES ARE STILL OKAY—WE'LL RUN THEM BACK TO THE BLOOD-STREAM AND DOUSE THE BUN THAT WAY!

THIS IS A BRILLIANT IDEA OF MINE—BUT IT'S JOLLY HARD WORK—PUFF! I ALMOST WISH I HADN'T THOUGHT OF IT!—PANT!
PUMP! PUMP!
HERE IT COMES! WE'LL SOON COOL THAT BUN DOWN NOW!
SUFFERING STOMACH POWDERS—WHAT'S OLD FATSO DONE NOW? THE CEILING'S COVERED WITH DIRTY GREAT ICICLES!
HERE'S WHY!
THIS ICE ON MY TUM SHOULD COOL IT DOWN!
CRACKLE!
AAGH! SOME OF THEM HAVE BROKEN LOOSE—RUN FOR IT!
QUICK—BEFORE WE'RE PUNCTURED! HELP! HELP!
G-GULP! TO THINK THAT C-COULD HAVE BEEN US!
STAB! THUNK! WHUMP!
BAH! THAT HOSE IS USELESS NOW—IT'S FULL OF BLINKING HOLES!
NEVER MIND!—THAT MEANS NO MORE PUMPING TODAY!
SO I WON'T NEED THE PUMP ANY MORE! SNIGGER!
GRR! WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE THROWING YOUR OLD JUNK?
OH, HECK! I'VE HIT MOBY DICK'S BLOOD BROTHER!
THROB! THROB!
HELP! HELP! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT—HONEST!
AND SO IS THIS! HEH! HEH!
SWOOSH!
SUFFERING TUM-TUMS—WHAT'S FREDDIE BEEN UP TO?
HELP! HELP!
HISSS!
SWOOSH!
I DON'T KNOW! BUT HE'S PUT OUT THE BUN!
BAH! I THINK I'LL JOIN THE ARMY—I'M FED UP WITH THE FIRE BRIGADE!
CHEER UP, FREDDIE! YOU DID THE TRICK!
BET YOU ALL THOUGHT I WAS MAD—BUT IT WORKED! MY TUM'S FINE NOW—REAL COOL, MAN! HEH! HEH!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!